

CANANEA WON FROM TUCSON; SCORE, 24 TO 5

The Old Pueblo Players Went To the Slaughter Meekly—The Game Was Like Burro Procession.

CANANEA, Sonora, Mex., May 6.—The pent up enthusiasm of the Cananea baseball fans was let loose upon the unfortunate Tucson team, which met Judge Cerillo's aggregation and likewise a Waterbury on the local grounds on the Cinco de Mayo, by the tune of 24 to 5. Write Cananea players a slow, burro-like game the denizens of the Old Pueblo went down better and played a game as ragged as a Hindoo beggar in the last moments of a famine. Godfrey, who has played on every diamond and back lot in the southwest, acted like a Chinaman playing golf, and Savage, who acts like a ball player thought the bat was an umbrella handle. Miron went out of the box in the sixth inning and Godfrey threw them at the catcher the remainder of the game, convincing the grand stand that Rube Waddell and Matheison have no occasion to be alarmed, since he will not crowd them out of business for several seasons to come.

Cananea had two or three scrubs in the game. Dugan's place at second was filled by Whitley, who did exceedingly well. Hugh expected to take his girl to the dance that was given for the benefit of the Tucson boys, and believed he could entertain her a whole lot better by spending the day in thinking up something sweet to say. Tom Whaling pitched a splendid game whenever he saw the necessity of it and his brother Bob was running around the bases nearly all the time. Mike Ryan gathered in enough flies to bait his hook for a long fishing trip and Rhinehart is still counting up the hits he made. Piernan's one-handed catch of a foul reminded the fans of his predecessor, Bert Whaling. Hodges stole a base so openly in the sixth inning that Judge Cerillo came very near sending him to jail for it. The Tucson bunch were a gentlemanly lot, and no friction or disagreeable features were in evidence at any time. They have organized a stock baseball concern there and it will be many weeks before they will be able to give Cananea all the hard playing they are looking for.

Below is the score:

Cananea	A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Ryan, c. f.	7 2 3 6 0 1
Hodges, r. f.	7 2 3 0 0 0
P. Whaling, 1b.	5 4 9 0 1
Piernan, c. f.	5 2 3 7 1 0
Dodson, r. f.	3 4 0 0 1
Macy, 3b.	3 2 0 0 0
Rhinehart, ss.	3 2 4 1 2 0
Whitley, 2b.	4 2 1 4 1 2
T. Whaling, p.	5 2 3 0 2 0
Total	47 24 27 27 6 5
Tucson	A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Peters, 3b.	5 0 0 5 1 2
Godfrey, ss.	5 1 0 1 3 3
Relster, 2b.	2 1 0 4 2 4
Cerevants, c. f.	5 0 2 2 0 2
Divine, r. f.	5 1 1 2 0 0
Robles, l. f.	2 1 1 2 0 0
Savage, 1b.	4 1 0 4 1 0
Stevens, c. f.	4 0 1 7 2 2
Miron, p.	2 0 0 0 0 0
Culver, c.	2 0 0 0 0 0
Total	36 5 5 27 10 15

Earned runs—Cananea, 12; Tucson, 5. Three base hits—Divine, B. Whaling. Two base hits—B. Whaling, 2; Stevens, Ryan, Hodges. Home run—Hodges. Struck out—By Whaling, 6; Miron, 4. First base on balls—Off Whaling, 3; Miron, 4; Godfrey, 1.

INTER-MARRIAGE WITH THE BLACKS

(New York Times). The dinner of the so-called "Cosmopolitan Society of Greater New York," reported in yesterday's newspapers, a dinner at which more than one hundred black men and black women and white men and white women sat down together, and where race "equality" and intermarriage of whites with blacks were discussed, may in the orderly course of nature, like many other unpleasant things, be consecrated to the good of society. Just as in the individual organism the white corpuscle battles itself with devouring the germs of disease; just as the gastric clasp averts the more serious consequences of dietetic indiscretion; just as the disagreeable results of any transgression of hygienic law serve as timely warnings or correctives, so, in the social organism, the tendency to vagabondism and heretude inherent in so many men and women, sooner or later, and before the danger point of epidemic idiosyncrasy is reached, bumps against its inhibitions. This particular banquet, we think, provoking as it must the public disgust and indignation, will serve to call the attention of the community to certain forces of evil that have been rather actively at work of late, and will, if we mistake not, tend in a marked degree to check and destroy them through the odious exhibition now made of what they really mean.

At this banquet, of which brotherhood was the "note" and the promotion of Socialism the moving spirit and intent, negro men and women—there were more negroes than white—met white men and women upon a plane of anticipated "equality" and listened to and applauded addresses from persons known for their activity in the Socialistic propaganda, some of them known, also, as "settlement workers," in which the intermixing of races by marriage was discussed. "Intermarriage," enough, would solve the race problem. I do not believe that the white man would be so anxious to marry the negro woman, as the negro man to wed the white girl. But this would continue, the negro man marrying the white woman until the dark race would gradually bleach. We quote these observations textually as reported in order that they may be pondered and the significance of the "equality" doctrine understood by men and women who have hitherto paid little attention to the ideas expressed in the word "Socialism" by those who use it with definite purpose.

In the first place, speakers at this banquet discussed what is expressly prohibited by the marriage laws of twenty-seven states and territories of this Union. That is, perhaps, the least of the reasons why public censure should be visited upon this exhibition of Socialism in its nakedness. The opinions of a people may change, and then they may change their laws. This law strikes its roots deeper than the statute book. The establishment of the race "equality" and the intermarriage of whites with blacks are forbidden by an instinctive prevailing, and unconquerable resolve and condition of mind. Prejudice is not the name for it, since the thing is not a matter to be judged, but a matter as to which belief and conviction are innate. That belief and that conviction are so nearly universal as to be quite beyond the possibility of change; their universality and their depth are so attested by the facts of human experience that to call them in question is everywhere felt to be a public affront.

In the north we may be said to have

no negro question, but there is a negro question in the south and it would be well-nigh impossible to do the negroes of the South a greater injury than was done by these flabby-minded persons who assembled in New York City on Monday to talk about and to exemplify the social "equality" of the races. The wise friends of the negro race, those high-minded and philanthropic men who have given of their time, their thought, and their substance for its welfare and advancement, will be appalled by this performance. In the South it will be discussed with a degree of passion and resentment that would inevitably intensify existing differences and retard works of beneficence undertaken in behalf of the negroes. Upon the unpleasant suggestion of the associations involved no one here would be inclined to dwell but we may be sure that in the South it will be frankly pointed out.

Out of the many evils springing from this most unwise and unnatural venture for the further spread of Socialism there will emerge, as we have said, the corrective influence. That will be salutary, and it is the only good thing we discern in the escapade. Much contemplation of the vague and formless doctrines of Socialism of the parlor or "brotherhood" variety has brought many seemingly intelligent men and women in this city into more or less open relations with the real Socialists, the persons who are seeking by pen and speech and by all arts of agitation and mob leadership, by revolution if necessary, to destroy society, and with it the home and religion. These men know and act. Their dream and pattern in their amateurish way with a thing they do not comprehend. The university professors, the men of holy calling, the workers in settlements and charitable organizations, the persons of wealth and social standing who have lent their names, their sanction and their effort to the propaganda of Socialism are giving aid and comfort to agencies of destruction. The black and white dinner of the "Cosmopolitan Society of New York" will sharply call attention to the mischievous and dangerous nature of what they are doing, and so we trust good may come of it.

THE MEXICAN FOURTH CELEBRATED IN DOUGLAS

Was Ushered in With a Terrific Cannonading.

Cinco de Mayo, the Mexican Fourth of July was ushered in Tuesday at Douglas by a terrific cannonading in the quiet little city of Agua Prieta across the line. It sounded not unlike, and, in fact, was a very fair imitation of the early morning hours of the glorious Fourth in the United States.

The tones of the explosives ran the whole gamut. There was everything from what seemed like the rattle of a boy's brigade of 22-calibre Smith & Wessons, or Iver & Johnson's, a bunch of deeper voiced old muzzle loading muskets, and every once in a while a boom and a jar that would have done credit in any of the fleet week festivities on the coast.

There is a big difference between the passing of the Cinco and our Fourth, which Americans on the border certainly must appreciate. The Mexicans don't seem to be so foolish about their noise. There is a very noticeable business-like economy in

WHEN ALBERT PROPOSED

He Tried It at the Wrong Time.

With every desire to be temperate in my language and charitable in my thoughts, truth compels me to the statement that Nellie Putlow's young-at-brother—Albert Sidney Putlow—is a boy who will one of these days come to a bad end.

To know Albert Sidney—to know him thoroughly—is an education in juvenile depravity, a lesson in tabloid sensibilities. He's right enough superficially, mild-mannered, but when you get at the soul of the boy your faith in the innocence and harmlessness of juvenility generally is gone forever. It was last Christmas eve when I probed the depths of Master Putlow. I'll tell you in what circumstances.

For very good reasons I wished to secure freedom from Albert Sidney's attentions on the evening in question. I felt, somehow, that the task of asking his sister Nellie a certain little question would not be made easier in any way by having her young brother buzzing around offering to regulate my watch or exhibiting some homemade marvel in the clockwork mouse line. Master Putlow, I may tell you, is a prodigy in a mechanical direction.

When other small boys are learning to play football he is fiddling about with his wheels; when they are dreaming of getting their international cape Albert Sidney's sleep is punctuated with visions of cogs, ratchets and perpetual motion.

"I'll have none of him," thought I, and during the afternoon I went around with my best wishes for a happy Christmas, a book calculated to keep any other nine-year-old boy as quiet as a coyer till the end of his 24th page had been dog's eared as black as coal.

In the evening I called round, Nellie's father and mother were, as I expected, out on a Santa Claus excursion to their married daughter's. "Albert's at his book, I suppose," I remarked, when I was asked into the front parlor.

"No," said Nellie; "he's doing something a waterbury watch in the back. Been busy all day. Look here," pointing to an old-fashioned clock fixed to the wall. "He unearthed that from the lumber room three days ago. It hasn't been going for ten years, and he's cleaned it, put it in order, and fixed it up as a surprise for dad. It's going splendidly."

Of course I didn't mind a little bit about the book not claiming the boy's attention. So long as he was occupied elsewhere I was perfectly satisfied. We talked about nothing in particular for five minutes, then I braced myself up for the ordeal. Nellie was in the rocker and I was on the saddlebag lounge by her side. It was then or never.

"Nellie," I whispered, glancing at my cuff, on which I had pencilled my headings. "Nellie, I have long—"

"Whirr!"

"She looked up, not at me, but at the clock. 'It's going to strike,' she said. 'Bang!' The thing had a note like Big Ben."

"I have long—"

"Bang!" "Better jump in at the intervals," thought I, for anybody would have needed a megaphone to make himself heard above that din—"long felt that life—"

"Bang!" "Isn't it splendid?" Nellie smiled.

I decided to wait till the awful thing had finished. "Bang! bang! bang! bang! bang!" At the eighth stroke I gave a sigh of relief and started again. "I have long—"

"Bang!" "That's too many," said Nellie. "What are you saying?"

"Bang!"

I was losing patience with that lumber-room find. It occasioned me no surprise that the clock was somewhat erratic after master Putlow's attentions, but that it should seize just that particular time to exhibit its vagaries annoyed me. "Never mind," I thought, "it can't strike more than 12."

I had altogether underestimated its capabilities. When I had counted 27 whirrs and bangs, Nellie started laughing. I walked to the door and called to Albert Sidney.

He came, bringing an odor of clock oil into the room.

"Something's the matter with that clock's striking gear," I said, with forced calmness.

"Been strikin' long?" he asked.

"That's the 29th time," I answered as another "Bang!" set all the mantle-shelf ornaments dancing.

Albert Sidney whistled. "Thought it might go like that," he grinned. "Good clocks often do. It hasn't struck for ten years, you see, and now it won't stop till it's done all its back striking."

Great Jupiter! A lightning calculation told me that, roughly speaking, 560,000 bangs were overdue. At four to the minute it would be some time in April before that awful clock was up-to-date.

"I think I'll be going," I gasped, deciding on a postponement, and on the 78th stroke, I shook hands with Nellie, glared murder at her brother, and hurried off.

At the bottom of the steps I stopped to shake my fist in the mechanical prodigy's direction.

"You horrid boy!" I heard Nellie say.

A howl came from Albert Sidney.

"You're as big a chump as he was to take in that tale about that thing workin' off its back strikes," he said. "I only fixed it to go like that for a lark. There! I've stopped it now. Go and call him back if you want him."

I fled. The prospect of Master Putlow as a brother-in-law was too awful.

the dispensing of that article that is not only practical, but really effective. All of the powder was spent by breakfast time and the remainder of the day rested in peace and quiet.

In the evening, however, things took on a livelier air for then came the celebration ball. It was held in the August Priests school house, which was beautifully decorated in the national colors and emblems and other artistic and appropriate decorations, and the scene all evening in the ball room was one of gaiety and patriotism.

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ELECTION NOTICE.

Because in our judgment it is advisable to do so, we, the undersigned Board of School Trustees District No. 2, County of Cochise, Territory of Arizona, do hereby call an election to be held on Friday, May 15th, 1908, in the certain building situated in the City of Bisbee, said County and Territory, known as the Central School building, for the purpose of submitting to the tax payers of said district,

WHETHER the bonds of said district shall be issued and sold for the purpose of raising money with which to construct a High School in Bisbee, a four room addition to the Lowell school, and such other school buildings and additions to school buildings in said district as the Trustees shall find necessary and for the purchase of such lot or lots in said district on which to construct the same.

William Hughes, S. M. Burr and Major Burton are appointed by us for the purpose of conducting said election, and the polls thereof will be open on said election day from the hours of 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The amount of such bond issue shall be ninety-two thousand (\$92,000) Dollars in the aggregate and consist of ninety-two bonds of the denomination of One Thousand (\$1,000) Dollars each and shall be numbered from 1 to 92 inclusive and bear interest from their date at the rate of five per cent (5%) per annum and bona use principal and interest shall be payable in gold coin of the United States of America and the bonds are to run as follows:

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No. 61 to No. 68 inclusive for 12 years.
No. 69 to No. 76 inclusive for 13 years.
No. 77 to No. 84 inclusive for 14 years.
No. 85 to No. 92 inclusive for 15 years.

From their date.
Instructions to voters will be posted according to law.
Done at Bisbee, Arizona, this, the twenty-third day of April, 1908.
H. M. WOODS, Chairman.
C. L. EDMUNDSON,
I. W. WALLACE, Clerk.

Board of School Trustees of School District No. 2, of the County of Cochise, Territory of Arizona.

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